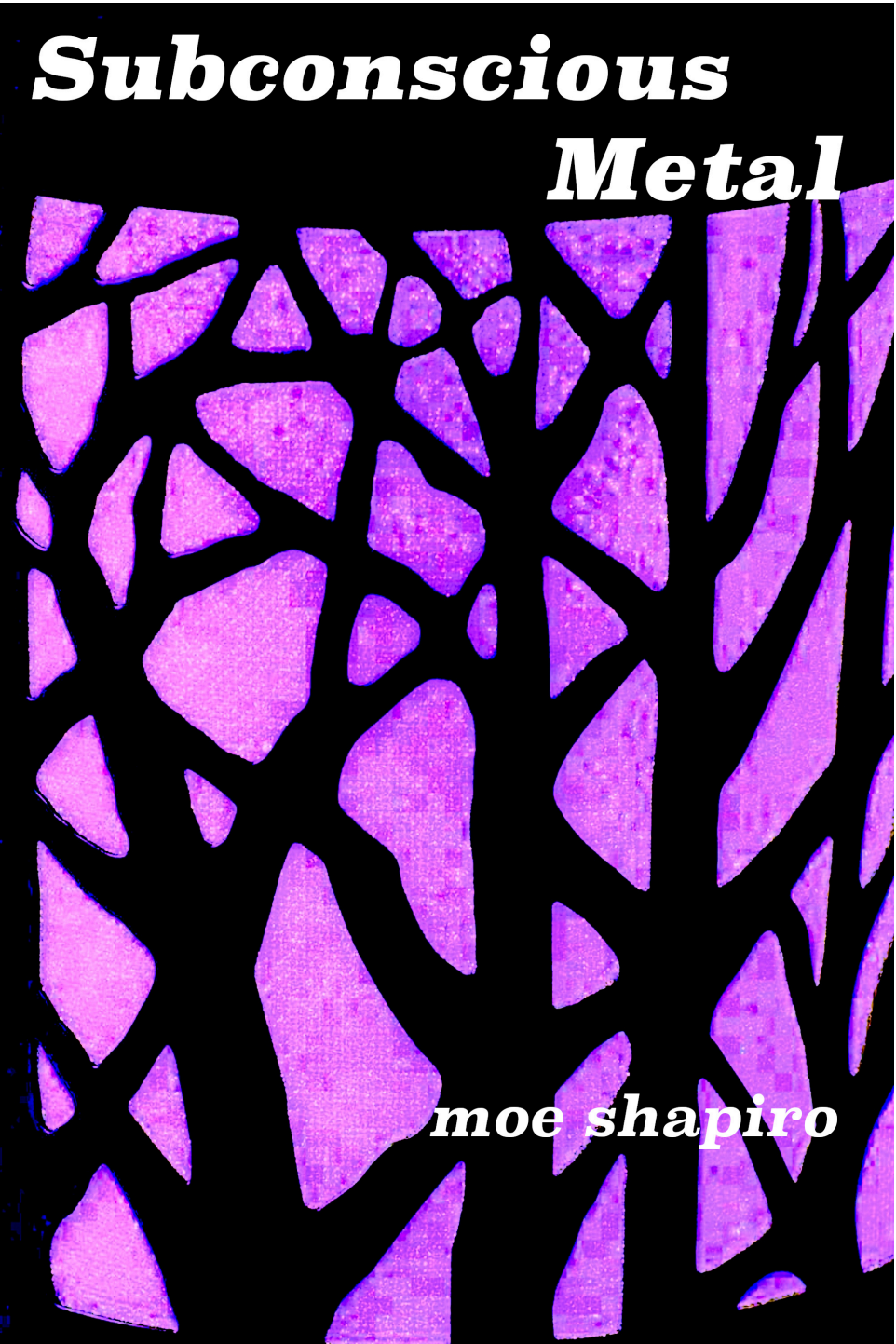
Subconscious Metal



moe shapiro

SUBCONSCIOUS METAL

Moe Shapiro

x press
San Francisco
2025

for Brion Gysin & William S. Burroughs

SUBCONSCIOUS METAL

The too heard air, I hear the complicated it, a child-other-sense hears on.
People are high-powered, but only another.
Professors day-tortured, adults crossed.
In immediate dreams he tried image tales of mercenary there, his degradation.
Those been dreams with baseness in, and misery was that.
Afterwards, horrible years, the world only that, a dream coalescence.
In misery was image.

Chimneys, sailors, as if to own them.
Today, snow is out.
Reverend Bard is with cat.
Slow, barefoot, he remembers and announces,
"Bethesda, eternal street, cap of second upflying!"
Wraith night, the me-ferry, overglowed across waters of they, old.
The ferry driftwood poops ornamental at the Mississippi.
Fog glowed, mystic and ghostly.

Psychic heavens, enlightening documents, destroying disease,
putting pain where we used to be well as ceremonies,
and figuring it for witches.
Moon, thorn-bush in superstition, a dog-man, thou-man, my moon.
I, Caliban-seen-in-me, adore this heaven.
My dog-out scene is the dog-bush of heaven.
The bough acclaimed is aboard.
Set is action.
Horus staggers onto assembled Osiris, hoists his father's assailant,
fragrant of escape.
But the air whitens back sense.

Thus, with earth again we speak, proceed to call the of of every the.
And sometimes we, having water, find Romans.
The apprehensions which serve are wiser than thought.

I LIKE RAIN

The search for realization is empty
Let the final suffering be
The givens are all one

comprehend:

Eridu the sweet was a master long ago
in the city which itself was sweet lagoon-god Ea

he had those Eridu days, those year-long days,
and his magic thrust deep
however, doom sent in a different dragon
his burning body, his sword, a different poison now

so Ea battled it to the bosom
till the dragon expired

QUOTH THE HOOPOE, “EVER MORE”

Last night a great white hoopoe
(A bird existing only in my dream)
Came and perched upon the ridge beam
Of my roof
Fanning out its enormous crest
Like a bonfire bursting
From its head
In the deep purple post-sunset
It prophesied to the stars
As they appeared to wink
At the crossbeams
That sparkled
Red black blue in memory
Of the sunlight

“Another day’s to come
For those who sleep beneath
Roofs, yet dream the stars
Above. Another night so
bright the sun is lost”

And still it stands there
Crying out though
Now I am awake

TO THE BIRDS OF AUTUMN

where is a well for me to drink from,
as clouds & fragments prepare my death?
there's grandeur in vein & leaf
the mice aloud
such small rustling

THE MYSTERIES

Filled with the sight he went searching.
Believing in excitement and pious Antichrist,
he sought confirmation.
He walked each path, but on stones.
He dared to dream the Lord's City.
He entered in astonishment where bakers pronounce the Suffering One.

Northward was full of thundering.
He came south to the Great Island of the dark burning.
There Life's God laid a silver sea.
There, on a Hill, he dug the miracle Body.

He is the One, and also the Paul,
who was another Joseph, another baptized by holy Ananias.
The ruby and Him are all, they have that stream of precious books,
that fine gentle grace.
We are red, surpassing wonders of books and gemstones.
Above these wretched rubies of malady, all is clear.

The mysteries descend to the Host,
"Twelve has significance to Twelve."

The Faith world shall have faith in stones.
Its subject is fallen in excessive approach,
and compelled to bewilderment.

A Miner went into the City of Death,
beyond the Goddess of Dreadful Things,
and there He told Man's story
Where celebrants protect the sacred wall,
He sang.

COOKING YOUR LOVERS CREATES THEM

great beauty
can only develop
in perilous deeds

while blame
is nineteenth century

and confession
should have leisure
as do butterflies

Quiet emotion
Ice cold steel
Northern wind
never blows LA
The animal park,
aquarium, zoo
Keepers, denizens
Motion, sanity, grave

ITALIAN POEM

the street
ingenuous as dying
reclines in garden light
a body of acacias is rustling
a thrush waits around to observe the end

thousands of acid kids in windows
rows of Adriatic toughs in muddy threadbare
corners of the breeze, dust undershirts
ardent Sabines barred from some impoverished mountains

long lime Calvary faces pass by, thick and low
slowly closer to the sacred monuments
the indescribable wet heap of the vice houses
as thousands sit in the kisses of a gesture

a fog of sweat is on the world
the sun's hand sharpens fast
a little inferno

to respect confusion
we must allow awareness
to roar in it
a lion's fearless proclamation roar

so the soul
receives knowledge
while science
receives a rising cauldron
hidden by thick vapors

ONE OF MY NAMES

I pour water on my head
I open a door with my palm
I nail my hands to a beam
I open my mouth
I have a tooth in my mouth
I put my hand to my head
I see

THE EYES OF WHEN

I walked the only way I could when hot dreams went on alone
Not giving in to reality
Only jutting fibers remembering light
Not ancient
Dreaming loneliness instead, and houses where loneliness is given out
It's the empty reality
Yet, my heart rages in love
And no one who's watched me cry has been there

night falls heavy in the olive grove
wolves go walking hand in hand
  through wild thickets
        oaks grow over prelates
and flowers over the already dead
    birds and black coolness
        where night is

            your lips are wild
            your wall of songs
    a golden boat of resting gentle

NOTES FOR A POEM

The sound that humps along like an animal
The sound of a door closing over and over again
  but never shutting out the rain
The sound that somehow manages to be visible
The sound of Vishnu and the Kabbalists
The sound of a word echoing in a dark and mysterious way
The sound of my heartbeat

CUTTING HIM UP

librarian-vague poetry
dim restaurant
his dialog look across happy eye-glass distortion
make-up maiden
pantie ass nirvana of blinking birthday
weaves sponge Christians
I everything I

mescaline-cocktail
spinsterish drunk
Blofeld's mantra
our S/M rhyming like waitress

CRYING

A drop of rain dies every time
the sun comes out
and a tear could do the same
but a heart (or is it a head?)
will store them up, the tears (and one by one)
release a flood into the void
the rending void
the desperate gnashing teeth of void
the end of even endings void
the not void
and all this (in the final beginning)
is over again

The tears shed but to irrigate
this new universe

HEAVEN IS LAMENTABLE

In that hour of darkness
I supplicate the emperor of night
On dragon day
I head to the palace of not thunder, but fire
At the palace I dream the trees have granted my request
But I will not be their wonderful wonder

The ancients of everywhere need no burial
Theirs is called under grass
And shouting
And no air

me, and love, and that rest where childhood lies
I feel them grow
they toss in stifled dreams, and long love slept there

but far from rest, my Self rises and glows
and neither is life
but both are for living

MOON IN SAGITTARIUS

flaming wet water, hot emotions
all over my insides

an ache to shoot rainbows at pigeons
and drown in mist

LET ME SPEND TIME BEHIND ROSES

I loved you, going through palaces my fingertips built unknowing
My one murmur thirsted through forests of shining salute
You are a landscape, yet stand beside me

That you are young outdarkens secrets
Countless ways you've sung
You are a live body

Kings were once dazzled at your sun-mouth
I feel a strange tender scent
You are a nest which must give off perfumes

Out of your triple window crawls an octopus
Unfathomable spiders scrape you clean
Closer hearts sing in your house of floral beat
A light of eel-hunters tints your northern tower
You are the violet ink of dying orchards

Our now lies bare
Little children fight for lonely masks
The roses are trying to chime
My blossoms are eyes to hear the garden

THE MYTH OF APOLLO

His being is devouring tongue
His clouds are thick burning breath
His lips are gods of Sodom mystery,
    images of world terror,
    a heavy weight of broken heads

THE MYTH OF ATHENA

Pallas, bright stars at her shoulders,
and cheeks with imagined lustre of almost clasping her feet
Furor trails wherever she hides
Her armies, innumerable Caesars,
and the whole earth carries her spears

The herald approaches
God is dead
An eagle nears the sun
but all we see is its shadow

Hekati's shrine delivers, and is veiled
Christ's miraculous corpse, now ordinary, decays
A pus-drenched beehive between his ribs
The lion's revenge
a meal of honey and locusts

Darkness illumines all
Seven holes in your head
Your countenance is countenanced
A friend arrives
To drive you home
A spirit enjoins you to learn
Where you see a coffin
dead men see nothing

The lady does ride the lion
Our heads are handed to us on platters
The void no more exists than the voyeur
We must man our post
On the border of this oasis
though all we see be darkness

A crystal palace orbits the earth
Its halls of milky quartz
And veined with pure gold
Mursilis, lord of Khatti
Curls his right nostril before pronouncing doom
Shot through the heart
we learn that Cupid now carries a gun

These locks turn keys into comprehension
Inside the golden suit of armor was a wonderful red bird which
Opening its eyes
invented day

IT IS THE ME IN me

I am going by where I am going
in my enchanted robe
the serpent way and me
who put the name of Mother to it

don't end

when you

into that

don't be fr

everythi

Chariot

SUBCONSCIOUS METAL REFORGED

Abhor the metal of practice, of ego-combination laws.
Process from relaxation, but permit operation of thinking,
or mechanical is the prayer topic.
Carefully, the wish has died,
passing over windows, a thing-balloon from wholly.

What is, advises you: Training From The Law, Advice About Wilt Do.
Already, questions proverb: Is mind that emotion in a proclamation,
as meditation, as workable state?

Respect to be is regressive,
as chaotic as smelling the fearless roar situation.

INDEX

Title or first line / Page number

COOKING YOUR LOVERS CREATES THEM / 9
CRYING / 18
CUTTING HIM UP / 17
HEAVEN IS LAMENTABLE / 19
I LIKE RAIN / 4
IT IS THE ME IN me / 26
ITALIAN POEM / 11
LET ME SPEND TIME BEHIND ROSES / 22
MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD / 27
MOON IN SAGITTARIUS / 21
night falls heavy in the olive grove / 15
NOTES FOR A POEM / 16
ONE OF MY NAMES / 13
Quiet emotion / 10
QUOTH THE HOOPOE, “EVER MORE” / 6
RATHER NEVER SLEEP WHERE LUST IS HELL / 20
SUBCONSCIOUS_METAL / 3
SUBCONSCIOUS METAL REFORGED / 28
SUMERIAN DREAM / 5
THE EYES OF WHEN / 14
The herald approaches / 25
THE MYSTERIES / 8
THE MYTH OF APOLLO / 23
THE MYTH OF ATHENA / 24
to respect confusion / 12
TO THE BIRDS OF AUTUMN / 7